

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1913.

# Is She the Prettiest Little Girl In the United States!

Theresa Marie Blitz of Topeka, Kan., Bears Distinction Which Every Mother Covets for Her Own Daughter--Here Is Her Picture With Those of Other Types of Pretty Girl Babies.

With the advent of eugenics and the "better babies" campaigns and shows, the old-fashioned baby show where the children were judged on beauty of form and feature, coloring and texture of skin, was abandoned.

From the published pictures of children—babies a year old to children nearing 10 years—the public must by this time be convinced that one cannot be perfectly beautiful and yet be perfectly perfect.

One hundred per cent babies discovered in tenement houses in New York, in millionaires' homes in Boston and in homes of all grades of society in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Denver, Portland and Los Angeles, have been fine babies, big babies, husky babies, and babies one longs to squeeze when gazing on their photographs—but pretty babies—never!

A little maiden who was born in Kansas just seven years ago has been selected as the most beautiful type of child life in the United States.

The methods of the old-fashioned baby show were used. Children used to look at were invited to enter the Boston Art League's contest. The purpose of the contest was to select an American child who could be painted in oils and in water colors; whose head could be chiseled in stone, of whom artistic photographs could be made—and when exhibited, lovers of the beautiful in art and nature could say:

"There is the perfect American child. Her's is the perfect type of beauty."

Out of 2,000 entrants, Theresa Marie Blitz, daughter of J. M. Blitz of Topeka, Kan., was chosen as the most beautiful child.

These are the reasons Theresa Blitz was pronounced the possessor of the peculiar beauty which the Boston Art League had decided upon as a standard for their "prettiest child in the United States":

Soft, wavy, dark brown hair.

Big, wistful blue eyes, with the memory dreams lurking in them.

Delicately molded lips.

White transparent skin, with a touch of pink showing through.

Nothing there about inches, or quality of muscles, or hand clasp, or the shape, size and position of Theresa's dainty shell pink ears!

Because she was pleasing to the eye, filling to the eye, and because "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—Theresa was made the little Queen of Beauty.

Now, extraordinary as it may seem, and to disprove the statement already made on this page that one cannot be perfectly beautiful and yet be perfectly perfect—this Kansas maiden is almost beautifully perfect.

Scores 99 Out of 100 Points.

While she was not subjected to a rigid physical examination by the Boston Art League, measurements taken and tests made of her mentality proved her the possessor of ninety-nine out of a hundred possible points in each.

Her little figure, standing in her slippers, measures 51 inches. She balances the scales at 55 pounds. There is a rhythm and grace in every movement. Her limbs are rounded perfectly. A tape-line drawn tightly around her arm at the armpit over one thickness of light summer wear, registers 9 inches. The measurement around the wrist is 5½ inches. The thigh measurement is sixteen inches, and the calf of the leg is ten inches. Around the ankle is 7 inches.

She will celebrate her seventh birthday November 13. She is large for her age, and her knowledge and perception is far beyond that of her playmates several years her senior. She loves flowers and music, and may be heard most any day thumping out the scales to one-two-three time at her father's home. Bird life has a greater interest for her, perhaps, than anything else. Her own quick, little movements, darts of the head and hands are tricks caught from the birds she so loves to watch and coax to eat out of her hands.

The mother of little Theresa died

when the child was 8 months old. She was a beautiful woman and possessed all the charms and graces so fully reflected in the figure and features of the little daughter.

Theresa has been always under the care of her grandmother. Her father is a Kansan, but his parents were Hollanders.

As a baby Theresa was not strong, but continuous and active outdoor life had rounded out her figure, brought the pink to her cheeks and made of her a picture of health.



MURILLO PORTRAITS

babies discovered in the eugenic shows, could serve as a model for the beautiful American child type. A healthy child of from 1 to 19 years will frequently present a sturdy rather than a graceful appearance. Where his limbs should be straight and lithe, they may be scrubby-kneed and chunky—which does not in the least mar their perfection from a eugenic standpoint, but hardly fits the standard of beauty.

A kiddie's nose that much resembles a stick with a cherry on the end of it, is all right for piquancy, for scenting, and for indicating a merry disposition, but that kiddie's nose wouldn't do on the marble face of a cherub.

So, if these eugenic baby shows, and this cultivation of babies—as a farmer does his corn or wheat or Poland China pigs—is to eliminate beauty and physical perfection and give us generations of round-faced, fat, healthy children instead, it will be hard on the artists.

It is not unbelievable that there are 10,000 children in all the broad stretch of the United States who

match Theresa Blitz in beauty. Pictures are shown on this page of many beautiful children. There are blondes, brunettes, golden-haired kiddies and red-haired ones—they have blue eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes and grey eyes—but can not match the wistful, soulful, dreamy gaze of the little Kansas girl.

The contest for the perfect child type of America was not to select particularly a certain coloring of hair or eyes. It is not to be under-

stood, declares the Boston Art League, that dark brown hair and blue eyes are selected by the league as the coloring that represents American childhood. It is more particularly a matter of face and form, of height and features.

The ancient Greeks modeled their marble statues of beautiful women and god-like men with but one type of features. As each nation has a representative mold, so must America begin to look about for hers, and the Boston Art League has ap-

pointed itself pioneer in this work. Theresa Marie Blitz will be sent abroad by the league, that artists and sculptors in Paris, Berlin, London and Munich may paint and mold her profile and the delicacy of her form—and undoubtedly all the pictures and statues will be called "The Little American Girl."

She will tour the big cities in America and pose for artists and photographers before she sails. She will remain for several weeks in the ateliers in Paris.

## HOW MONTENEGRO'S KING EXPORTS DAUGHTERS

BY C. H. BONTE.

Late in July of 1905 I was on an Austrian steamship at anchor off Antivari, the Adriatic seaport of Montenegro. A rowboat approached our vessel and in it was a single barrel. As the boat drew alongside I asked the captain: "What's in that barrel?"

"These are the annual exports of Montenegro," he replied, with a chuckle.

A few days later I was in that country's primitive capital, Cetinje, high up in the heart of the Black Mountains, which is what "Montenegro" means, and the proprietor of the one hotel of which the city then boasted told me this story:

An Englishman was one day in conversation with Prince Nicholas (the last since assumed the title of King), and His Majesty had been telling of the country's various activities.

"But," said the Englishman, "your country has no exports."

"Sir," replied the Prince, with immense dignity, "you forget my daughters."

The Britisher had forgotten. Through matrimonial affiliation Nicholas of Montenegro has allied himself with some of the most powerful families of Europe, his daughters having made brilliant marriages. Generally speaking, these matches have all been what are popularly termed "love" ones, for comparatively little of political importance attached to them, with the one notable Italian exception.

bred in the keen air of the mountains and brought up amid customs

## Medieval Crafts Being Revived

From the front window of a small, old-fashioned house in Westminster, London, England, there hangs a sign on which is painted a French motto to the effect that the beautiful is as useful as the useful, and both inside and out is a fresh green, as are also the carpets, the only other color introduced into the scheme being a soft bright blue, the blue of the early Italian painters.

In this little oasis one may enjoy a green thought in a green shade. The establishment is devoted to all sorts of arts and crafts, bookbinding, embroidery, illuminating. Most of these processes are revivals of old industries, though some are new, such as hand-painted curtains of silk which will wash.

The idea of covering leather with silver or gold and painting it comes from mediaeval Italy. At the sign of St. Veronica leather so treated is made into curtains. Leather specially dyed without acid, which prevents it from rotting, is used for automobile caps. The rush-seated chairs painted white and ornamented with a design of green leaves are charming.

and surroundings which contributed nothing toward making them merely the pampered offspring of royalty, were just hardy mountaineer girls well fitted to become the mothers of a race of strong men.

As daughters of their fathers they are now perhaps the most famous women of all Europe, since the monarch of the tiny realm, has shown himself to be not only a diplomat of ability, but a leader among his men and one who has dared defy the might of the Powers.

He has not flinched even at the prospect of a war with Austria, while it was he, representing a population of only about 250,000, who first threw down the gauntlet of war to his ancient enemy, Turkey, with her many millions. Although now dwelling in palaces in various parts of Europe, remote from the seat of warfare, the sympathy of these daughters has gone forth to their father in his bellicose activities, and they have all been sent in close touch with what is taking place in the theater of war.

The most notable marriage was made by Elena, who is now Queen of Italy and wife of the sovereign who in Tripoli has waged a successful warfare against Turkish domination as has his father-in-law in the mountains to the north. She, as the second Queen of United Italy, has endeavored herself to her people in a wonderful fashion, and into the court over which she presides she has brought much of the democracy which obtained in the simple palace in which she spent her childhood.